

# The Saturday Gazette.

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. \$2.00 A YEAR-IN ADVANCE

ZIRAH H. MW

STATE JAIL

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE,  
Bloomfield, N. J.

CHARLES M. DAVIS, Associate Editor.

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Single Copies, 5 Cents.

Dentists.

DR. J. W. STICKLE.  
*Surgeon Dentist,*

Office and Residence 73 Orange Street,  
NEAR BROAD STREET,  
One Block from M. & E. R. R. Depot.  
NEWARK, N. J.

Gold Filling A Specialty.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered on the new plan. No charge for extracting when artificial teeth are inserted.  
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DR. P. J. KOONZ,  
*DENTIST,*  
No. 1 GREAT JONES St., near Broadway,  
NEW YORK.

Laughing Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

PEOPLES

Banks, Insurance, &c.

North Ward National Bank

OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.  
THIS institution commenced business on the 24th of February last, in the Rhodes Building, No. 44 Broad Street, nearly opposite the M. & E. R. Depot. It is very conveniently located for the wants of Bloomfield, Montclair and vicinity who may desire to have banking facilities in Newark.

DIRECTORS:  
H. M. Rhodes, C. A. Poller,  
C. G. Gifford, E. M. McNaughton,  
E. G. Feltman, Joseph Feder,  
J. Ward Woodruff, Joseph M. Smith,  
P. T. Doremus, Joseph Condit,  
Ben F. Crane, George Ross,  
M. M. Rhodes, Pres't, GEORGE ROE, Cashier.  
Mar. 1/7

Savings Institution,

445 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.  
NEWARK, Oct. 18, 1873.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers, held this day, a dividend at the rate of

7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM,

was declared on all deposits entitled there-

to the 1st of November, payable on or after November 18th, and if not drawn to be counted as principal from November 1st.

Money deposited on or before November 1st, will draw interest from that date.

H. M. RHODES, President.  
ALEXANDER GRANT, Treasurer.

CITIZENS.

Insurance Company,

443 BROAD STREET,  
Newark, N. J.

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

ASSETS, OVER \$300,000.

JAS. J. DARLING, President.

A. P. SCHARR, Secretary.

C. BRADLEY, Surveyor.

July 26/7

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.

NEWARK, N. J.

Statement, January 1st, 1873

BALANCE AS PER STATEMENT, JAN. 1, 1872, \$38,341 795 81

Received for premiums during the year 1872, \$5,344,168 51

Received for interest during the year 1872, 1,584,116 18

Received for annuities during the year 1872, 770 99

TOTAL RECEIPTS FOR 1872, \$6,869,055 68

Paid claims by death, \$1,911,444 72

Paid endowments, 40,301 11

Paid surrendered policies, 296,024 98

Paid advertising and printing, 64,004 90

Paid contingent expenses, 85,845 91

Paid postage and exchange, 11,051 49

Paid for interest on capital, 84,644 00

Paid commissions to agents, 406,942 88

Paid physicians' fees, 30,882 22

Paid annuities, 1,466 70

Paid return premiums, 1,690,426 00

PAID UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

ASSETS, \$25,457,787 59

Cash on hand, \$503,717 94

Real estate, 149,062 88

United States securities, 1,551,500 60

State, city and county bonds, 6,135,800 00

Banking and insurance companies, 10,324,302 70

Loans on policies in force, 6,832,970 90

Loans on rents, 1,455 41

Due for premiums in course of transmission, 118,978 95

INTEREST DUE AND ACCRUED, \$25,587,787 58

Premiums due and not yet received, 354,681 88

On issues principally of November and December of this year, \$10,000 has since been received, January 15, 1873, 483,681 85

TOTAL ASSETS January 1, 1873, \$26,511,181 41

Ratio of Expenses to Premiums (excluding taxes) 5.97

The dividends of Future Premiums declared by the directors in 1872, will be paid to the assured, as their full premium fall due in 1873, in conformity with the rules of the Company.

LEWIS C. GROVER, President.

H. N. CONRAD, Vice President.

EDWARD A. STRONG, Secretary.

BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Treasurer.

Feb. 20-1

ABURY LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

Office, 205 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

Corner Eleventh St.

C. C. NORTH, President.

A. V. STOUT, Vice Presidents.

M. D. SAVIN, Vice Presidents.

W. R. FLUHARTY, Secretary.

WEDDINGS AND PARTIES

with all embellishments needed, including the BIG CAKE. Our Saloon will be more attractive than ever. Besides Ice Cream and Ices, we are now serving up

OYSTERS, SCALLOPS,

Tea, Coffee, Charlotte, Rum, &c.

Ladies will find our Saloon everything they desire.

The same liberal policy that characterizes us in Ice Cream will be observed in regard to Oysters, &c., so drop in see us.

FUSSELL,

No. 108 BROAD STREET.

est. 25-1.

Honest Agents Wanted.—To those who will give their whole time to the business, liberal terms will be granted.

W. R. FLUHARTY, Secretary.

Feb. 20-1

The Blue and the Gray.

A HOSPITAL SKETCH.

"Nothing is sure, in a case like mine," till I'm on my legs again; but I'm certainly better. I don't expect you to be glad, but I hope you don't regret it very much."

"I don't." The smile that accompanied the words surprised Murray as much as the reply, for both seemed honest, and his kind heart warmed toward his suffering enemy.

"I hope you'll be exchanged as soon as you are able. Till then, you go to one of the other hospitals, where there are many reb—I would say Southerners. If you'd like, I'll speak to Dr. Fitz Hugh, and he'll see you moved," said Murray.

"I'd rather stay here, thank you." Clay smiled again as he spoke in his mellow tone that surprised Murray as much as it pleased him.

"You like to be in my corner, then?" he said, with a boyish laugh.

"Very much—for a while."

"I'm very glad. Do you suffer much?"

"I shall suffer more by and by, if I go on; but I'll risk it," answered Clay, fixing his feverish eyes on Murray's placid face.

"You expect to have a hard time with your leg?" said Murray, sympathetically.

"With my soul." It was an odd answer, and given with such an odd expression, as Clay turned his face away, that Murray said no more, frowning his brain a little touched by the fever evidently coming on.

They spoke but seldom to each other that day, for Clay apparently awoke, with a flushed cheek and restless head, and Murray tranquilly dreamed waking dreams of home and little Mary. That night, after all was still, Miss Mercy went up into the organ loft to get fresh rollers for the morrow—the boxes of old linen, and such matters kept there. As she stood looking down on the thirty pale sleepers, she remembered that she had not played a hymn on the little organ for Murray, as she had promised that day. Seating softly on the front, she peeped over the gallery, to see if he was asleep; if not, she would keep her word, for he was her favorite.

The kind doctor choked, touched the pale sleeper with a gentle caress, and went away to help Hall die.

Murray slept on for an hour, then woke, and knew without words that his brief hope was gone. He looked up wistfully, and whispered, as Murray tried to smile with trembling lips refused to tell the heavy truth.

"I know, I feel it; don't grieve yourself by trying to tell me, dear friend. It's best; I can bear it, but I did want to live."

"Have you any word for Mary, dear?" asked Murray, for he seemed but a boy to her since she had nursed him.

One look of sharp anguish and dark despair passed over his face, as he wrung his thin hands and shut his eyes, finding death terrible. It passed in a moment, and his pallid countenance grew beautiful with the pathetic patience of one who submits without complaint to the inevitable.

"Tell her I was ready, and the only bitterness was leaving her. I shall remember, and wait until she comes. My little Mary, oh, be kind to her, for my sake, when you tell her this."

"I will, Murray, as God hears me. I will be a sister to her while I live."

As Murray spoke with fervent voice, he laid the hand that had ministered to him so faithfully against his cheek, and lay silent, as if content.

"What else? let me do something more. Is there no other friend to be comforted?"

"No; she is all I have in the world. I hoped to make her so happy, to be so much to her, for she's a lonely little thing; but God says 'No,' and I submit."

A long pause, as he lay breathing heavily, with eyes that were dimming fast fixed on the gentle face beside him.

"Give Ben my clothes; send Mary a bit of my hair, and—may I give you this? It's a poor thing, but all I have to leave you, best and kindest of women."

Murray's first impulse was to cry out; her next, to fly down and seize the cup. No time was to be lost, for Murray might wake and drink at any moment. What was in the cup? Poison, doubtless; that was the charm Clay carried to free himself from "pain, captivity, and shame," when all other hopes of escape vanished. This hidden hero gave up to destroy his enemy, who was to outlive his shot, it seemed. Like a shadow, Murray glided down, forming her plan as she went. A dozen mugs stood about the room, all alike in size and color; catching up one, she partly filled it, and concealing it under the clean sheet hanging on her arm, went toward the recess, his arm over her face, and lay, breathing heavily, as if asleep.

He tried to draw off a slender ring, but the strength had gone out of his wasted fingers, and she helped him, thanking him with the first tears he had seen her shed. He seemed satisfied, but suddenly turned his eyes on Clay, who lay as if asleep. A sigh broke from Murray, and Murray caught the words.

"I knew he was the man who shot me, when he came. I forgive him; but I wish he had spared me, for Mary's sake," he answered sorrowfully, not angrily.

"Can you really pardon him?" cried Murray, wondering, yet touched by the words.

"I can. He will be sorry one day, perhaps; at any rate, he did what he thought his duty; and was made brute of us all sometimes, I fear. I'd like to say good-by; but he's asleep after a weary day, so don't wake him. Tell him I'm glad he is to live, and that I forgive him heartily."

Straight to Dr. Fitz Hugh's room she went, and gave the cup into his keeping, with the story of what she had seen. A man was dying, and there was no time to test the water then; but putting it carefully away, he promised to set her fears at rest in the morning. To quiet her impatience, Murray went back to watch over Murray till day dawned. As she sat down, she caught the glimmer of a satisfied smile on Clay's lips, and looking into the cup she had left, she saw that it was empty.

"He is satisfied, for he thinks his horrible revenge is secure. Sleep in peace, my poor boy! you are safe while I am here."

Murray lay back, his head upon the dying man's bosom, and closed his eyes. The men want them, and Ben is willing, for the coat is very old and ragged you see. Murray gave his good one away to a sicker comrade, and took this instead. It was like him—my poor boy!"

"What's that for?" he asked restlessly.

"The men want them, and Ben is willing, for the coat is very old and ragged you see. Murray gave his good one away to a s